

I Am So Sick Of Being Alive

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Bad Jokes, Based on a Tumblr Post, Best Friends, Canon Jewish Character, Childhood Friends, Crack, Crack Treated Seriously, Dark Comedy, Domestic Fluff, Feet, Fluff, Fluff and Crack, Fluff and Humor, Fluff without Plot, Fluffy Ending, Friendship, Friendship/Love, Gen, Humor, Inspired By Tumblr, Interracial Relationship, Jokes, LGBTQ Character of Color, LGBTQ Jewish Character(s), M/M, Male Character of Color, Male Friendship, Pain, Pranks and Practical Jokes, Romantic Fluff, Romantic Friendship, This Is Why We Can't Have Nice Things, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Tv Remotes, Why Did I Write This?, Wordcount: 100-500, Wow

Language: English

Characters: Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Urís

Relationships: Mike Hanlon/Stamley Urís

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Summary:

Yes, Mike knows Stan is really dramatic. Richie doesn't help.

Oneshot/drabble

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"Hey Mike!" Richie said brightly as his friend came up to him. Mike looked tired though; there were bags under his dark eyes. So Rich frowned. "Dude. What the heck happened to you, are you okay?"

Mike, being the nice guy he was, just sort of smiled. "You won't believe what just happened."

Richie rose an eyebrow. Mike and Stan were dating. And god knows that they got up to a lot of weird things. "What happened? Something kinky?"

"What? No." Mike shook his head. He wasn't as innocent as he acted though, Richie knew that for sure. "I just watched Stan drop a remote on his foot and the only thing he said was 'I am so sick of being alive'."

"Edgy."

"Tell me about it," Mike grinned then. But he loved him, that was for sure.

When Mike got back home, Stan was doing better. He had managed to turn on the tv without contemplating suicide again, at least. Drama queen. Now nothing good was even on to watch! He sighed then and picked up his phone to text Richie. Richie would accept his rants without too much question, at least, and he didn't want to pout to Mike anymore.

Me: I'm so mad right now. Goddamn reflexes

Richie 😊: Clam down

Me: Uh. You mean calm down? Typo much?

Wow, Richie's response was classic Richie. It was dumbass and genius at the same time.

Richie 😊: No. Not a typo. In fact I am holding a small soldier clam in my

hands. He died so young. War is hell.

Stan looked down at his phone incredulously. Remind him again why he was friends with this loser.